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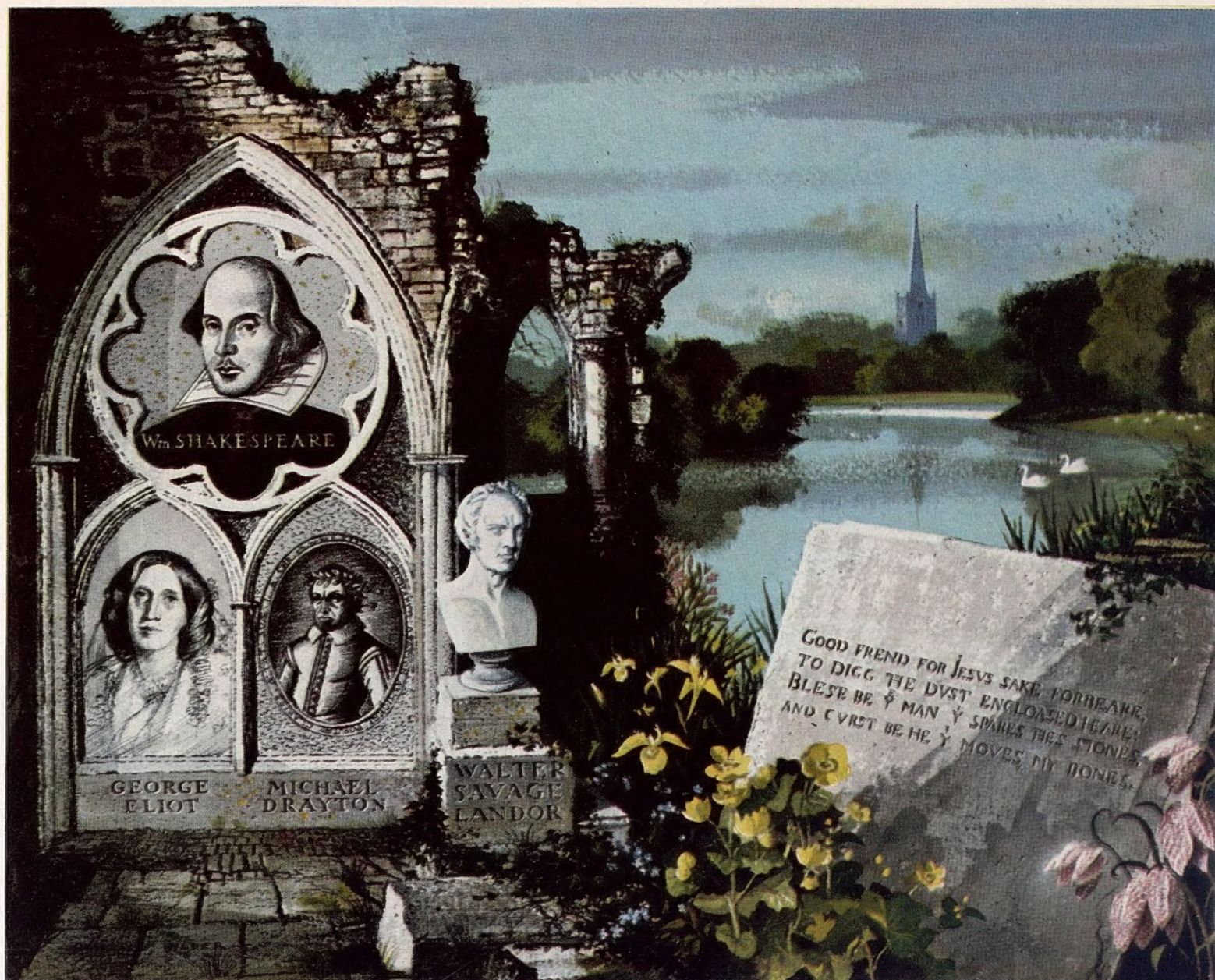
Tatler

& Byssier 2s.6d. weekly 5 Sept. 1962



Paris collections





Painted by Rowland Hilder

Shell guide to WARWICKSHIRE



Geographically the centre of England (the centre is variously put at Lillington and Meriden), this is perhaps the most civilized and self-contented of all English counties. The great novelist Henry James wrote of Warwickshire as a county of "densely grassed meadows" and of lawns "delicious to one's sentient boot-sole"; he wasn't at all surprised that so ripe a countryside suggestive of manger and larder had nourished geniuses so "ripe, healthy and human" as Shakespeare (1) (christened and buried in Stratford Church) and George Eliot (2) (born at Arbury Farm, Chilvers Coton, at the other end of the county, 22nd November, 1819), whose *Middlemarch* and *Adam Bede* are soaked with Warwickshire. He might have added that few counties have such a pride, not only of summer nightingales, but of eminent poets, including Walter Savage Landor (3), born in Warwick in 1775, Fulke Greville, murdered in 1628, and buried in St Mary's, Warwick, under a curt, noble inscription: "Fulke Grevill, servant to Queene Elizabeth, Conceller to King James, and frend to Sir Philip Sidney"; and Michael Drayton (4) (born at Hartshill, in 1563, son of a tanner), whose poems celebrate Warwickshire, the Forest of Arden, and Warwickshire's nightingales—as well as Coventry in lines apt to its state in this year of the dedication of the new cathedral:

Now flourishing with fanes, and proud piramides,
Her walls in good repaire, her ports so bravely built
Her halls in good estate, her crosse so richly gilt.

Here as background to the Warwickshire writers you have the Avon, and Stratford Church, and around Shakespeare's famous gravestone flowers of the Warwickshire meadows and river verges (including fritillaries (5), which bear a Warwickshire name of "Shy Widows").

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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

5 SEPTEMBER, 1962

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Poised to report on fashion from Paris the camera girl wears a mustard frieze tweed coat with low bow belt worn over a matching dress. With it goes an ocelot collar and hat with an ocelot bow at the nape of the neck. Urbane extras: jet necklace and ear-rings. By Christian Dior. Barry Warner took the cover picture. Fashion editor Elizabeth Dickson continues the theme in a special Paris fashion portfolio, page 498 onwards

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Aboyne Games, today.
Braemar Royal Highland Gathering, 6 September.
Edinburgh Festival, to 8 September.
Polo Tournament, Rhinefield, to 8 September.
Burghley Horse Trials (European Championships), Stamford, Lincs, to 7 September. (Dance at Exton Hall, 7 September.)
Young Riders' Championship of Great Britain, Hickstead, 7-9 September.
Kensington Antiques Fair, Kensington Town Hall, to 13 September.
Northern Antique Dealers' Fair, Harrogate, to 13 September.
Farnborough Air Show, 7-9 September.
Junior Tennis Championships of Gt. Britain, Wimbledon, 10-15 September.
St. Leger, Doncaster, 12 September.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Ripon, Pontefract, today; Manchester, Sandown Park, 7, 8; Worcester, Redcar, 8; Folkestone, Warwick, 10; Don-

caster, 11-14; Lingfield Park, 12, 13; Newbury, 14, 15 September.
Steeplechasing: Haldon (Devon & Exeter meeting), 5, 6; Southwell, 10; Fontwell Park, 11 September.

MUSICAL

Three Choirs' Festival, Gloucester Cathedral, 2-7 September.
Covent Garden Opera. *Siegfried*, 6 p.m., 7, 11, 14, 17 September; *Madama Butterfly*, 7.30 p.m., 10 September; *Aida*, 7 p.m., 13, 15 September. (cov. 1066.)
Henry Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall, 7.30 p.m. nightly, except Sundays, to 15 September. (KEN. 8212.)
Royal Festival Hall. London's Festival Ballet, 8 p.m. tonight & 6, 7, 8 September (matinée 5 p.m. Saturday); David Oistrakh (violin), 7.30 p.m., 9 September; Philharmonia Orchestra, cond. Gennadi Rozhdestvensky, 8 p.m., 10 September; Borodin String Quartet, with Sviatoslav Richter (piano), 8 p.m., 11 September. (WAT. 3191.)

ART

Edinburgh Festival Exhibition: works from the Henie/Onstad Collection, Royal Scottish Academy, to 16 September.
Artists of Fame & Promise, Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., to 22 September.
Army Art Society Exhibition, Chenil Galleries, King's Road, to 12 September.
"Image in Progress," by seven painters, Grabowski Gallery, Sloane Avenue, to 11 September.
Contemporary British & French paintings, Lefevre



Carol Newton, aged eight, daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. R. L. Newton, of Skillington, near Grantham, in Lincolnshire, winner of the "Farm and Country" Cup, awarded for the best performance by the child of a farmer in the Holiday Pony Classes at the Ponies of Britain Show, held at Peterborough. It was the second year running that Carol and her pony, Tommie, had won the award

Gallery, Bruton St., to 20 September.

FESTIVALS

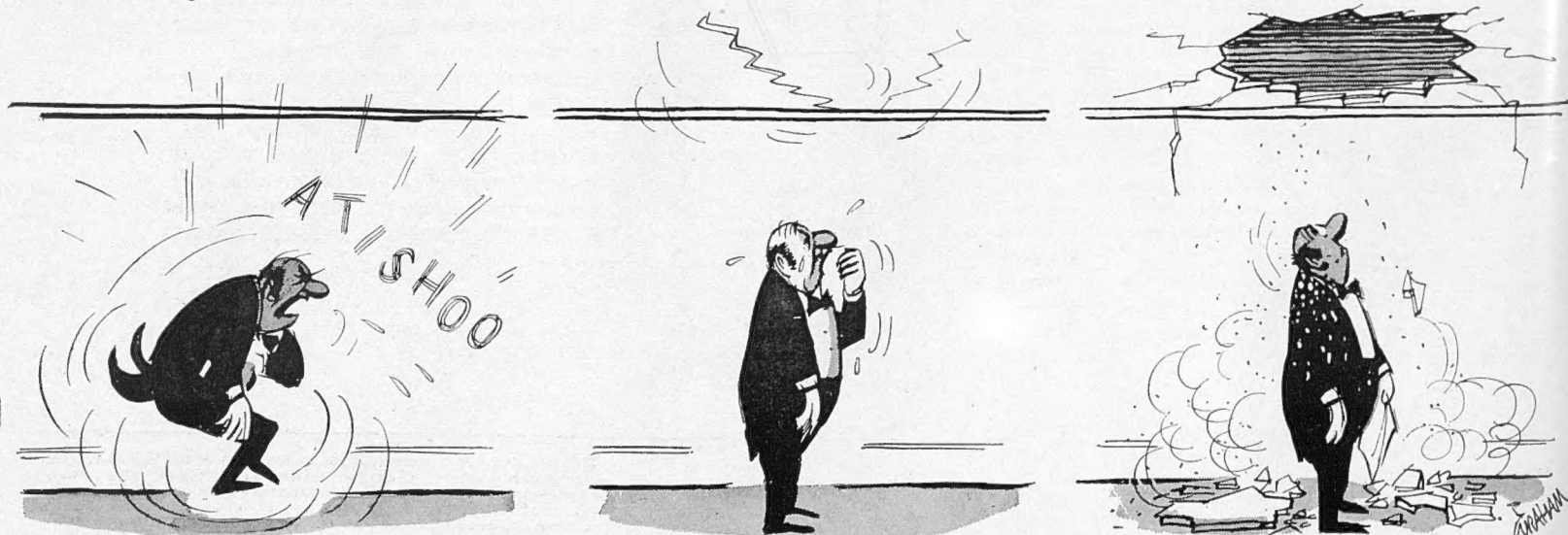
Shakespeare Festival, Pendley Manor, Tring, to 8 September.

Minack Theatre season, Porthcurno, Penzance, to 15 September.

FIRST NIGHT

Strand Theatre. *The New Men* tonight.

BRIGGS by Graham



THE FREEDOM-LOVING SUIT

If a woman doesn't feel at ease in her suit, there's something wrong with the suit (or could it be there's something wrong with the woman?) But seriously, the only suits that can claim success are those that keep their wearers supremely elegant—and utterly at ease. Suits like Matita make, for example; now to be seen, with the new Matita coats and dresses, at exclusive shops throughout the world.

• **MAKING THE POINT:** straight but shapely little suit in fir-green Scottish tweed, the green a stipple of black and emerald flecks. Bonus points: the fringed patch pockets and bold matching scarf.

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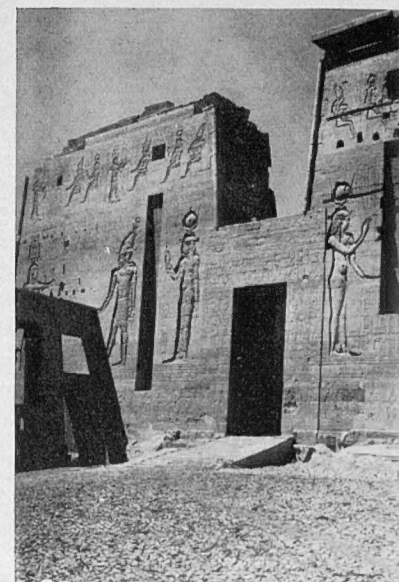
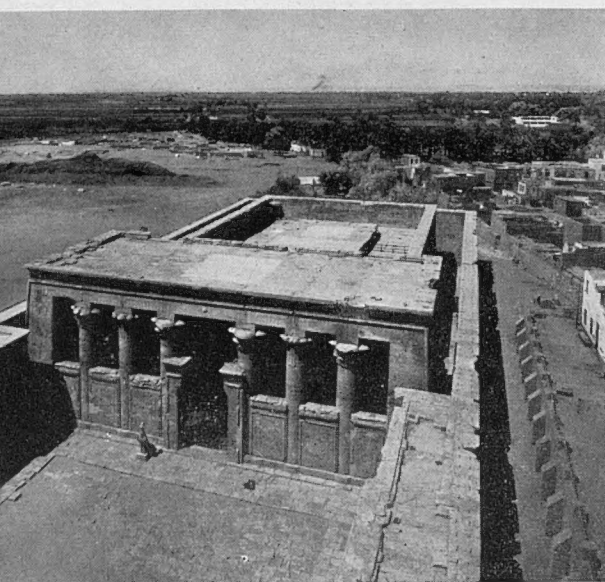


The Miracle working

Through violence to rapture; scenes from *The Miracle Worker*, the film that tells of the struggle to bring light into the dark world of the deaf, dumb and blind Helen Keller. Crucial scene (*left*) is a brutal fight in which Annie Sullivan (played by Anne Bancroft) teaches Helen Keller (Patty Duke) to eat at a table. Finally (*below*) the miracle is accomplished as the child realizes what is being done for her. Both Anne Bancroft and 14-year-old Patty Duke played these roles for a year in the play on Broadway. Both actresses took extensive courses at various institutions to learn the mannerisms and psychology of handicapped persons. The real-life Helen Keller graduated at Radcliffe College, Boston, in 1904. The film, now at the London Pavilion, goes on general release this month







Shrines of Egypt: *The Temple of Horus at Edfu, and (centre and right) two views of the Temple of Isis at Philae*

Luxor

LUXOR, LYING ON THE BANKS OF THE Nile between Cairo and Aswan, is often bracketed with it in the mind of the prospective visitor as "Luxor-and-Aswan." In reality all they share is a riverside location and a superb winter climate. Aswan is for totally inactive relaxation. Luxor entails some businesslike sightseeing. They are an hour apart by air, and nearly five by train. I chose the train as a means of transport, since I needed a blank in which to gather up the ends of one place and prepare myself for the next. And in case that sounds too transatlantic for words, just try it and see. The train went at times with the speed of a branch line from Merthyr Tydfil, but it was clean, comfortably upholstered and had a dining car. Transport to the hotel at the other end was by horse-drawn carozza: and appropriate, too, for one's first sight of the Temples of Luxor, right in the heart of the town and a pace away from the Winter Palace Hotel. The huge white foyer of this hotel had something in common with an international railway station, a-babel with different tongues, piles of luggage, and breathless porters. It is essentially "transit" in that people rarely spend more than a night there, but the wisdom of so doing I shall discuss later. By eight o'clock the following morning, people were standing in little knots waiting for their guides. Luxor (in ancient times, Thebes) is, as I have indicated before, one of the few places in which a guide is imperative.

The tombs in the Valley of the Kings, on the West Bank, look remarkably like a series of air-raid shelters dug into gravel pits, great heaps of



stones rising like whitened slag-heaps behind them. The first sight is, with an effort of the imagination, gloomily impressive. Not beautiful. But this bears no relation to the absorbing fascination of what lies inside the tombs. Preserved for these hundreds of years, the frescoes with which they are decorated are amazingly fresh and vivid. In nearly all the tombs there is some representation of the solar boats which carried the soul from the West Bank through the hours of darkness to the east of the sunrise. And it is interesting to see that the spirits of evil are accorded equal space with those of good. In the tomb of Rameses VI, for example, we see a small boat carrying a pig (which represents something wicked) and the Sacred Ape urging it along with a stick. Four pillars show the various deities of the Underworld while Mut, goddess of heaven, is represented alongside with the sun coming out of her head and the moon lying in her lap. Tutenkhamon's tomb is doubly interesting to those who have seen the amazing treasures it once contained in the Museum in Cairo: the imagination

boggles at the thought that they were ever accommodated all together in this small space. Some graphic rituals of death are depicted on the wall but not, in this instance, such evidence of gods and goddesses. Tutenkhamon was one of the first monotheists and had tried hard during his brief life to persuade his people to abandon the tyranny of the warring heavenly aristocracy in favour of one god, represented by the sun. His tomb, discovered in 1922 by Howard Carter and Lord Carnarvon, is the only one so far to have been found absolutely intact, and not rifled by the Romans and others centuries before. Such precautions were taken by the Pharaohs to seal away their treasures forever that, according to some sources, the masons who built the tombs rarely lived to tell the tale.

The tombs in the Valley of the Nobles, nearby, give a far more graphic clue than those of the Kings as to how life was lived, and what was held most dear. The walls are frescoed with fruit and vines and pretty dancing girls; phials of scent and chalices of wine; trophies of the hunt and the harvest, with ploughs of exactly the same type as those used by many fellahin today. The Egyptians still have a feeling for pictorial representation: on the walls of many a peasant house in Luxor and Aswan, there are crude paintings which depict the journey to Mecca and the joyful return of the householder to his family after the pilgrimage.

Karnak, back on the east bank and about half an hour by carriage from the town, makes an impact of quite a different kind. Impressive it certainly is, if for no reason other than size. This city is a great petrified forest of pillars, bewildering to find the heart of since so many

Pharaohs added their own temples to the main body. The first sight of it is spectacular, down the great avenue bordered on either side by sphinx-bodied rams. Karnak could take a day, and a good guide to boot, if one is to "get at" it. For the sake of impression, see it by the light of a full moon ("moony nights" they call them hereabouts), when it is a great stage-set of black and silver, ghostly and magnificent.

To return to an earlier point: not one night but two or three are essential if one is to have more than a fleeting impression of Luxor and its surroundings, and even that would make an Egyptologists' blood run cold. But the fact is that one *must* be cold blooded in parceling out Egypt in a limited time. During the winter, I'd spend less time in Cairo, more in Aswan and Luxor. In the height of summer, the leading hotel in Aswan closes and Luxor is too hot to linger comfortably. An eight-day steamer trip takes you from Assiut via Luxor and Edfu to Aswan and back, allowing a reasonable time ashore at each. The fare of around £90 (depending on the cabin), includes all your living on board, guides ashore, and the telescoping of certain parts of the journey by rail. For people spending time in Luxor, a cheaper alternative to the Winter Palace is the Luxor Hotel, and personally I preferred its atmosphere. United Arab Airlines' flights to Luxor, daily, cost £13 8s. return. The 23-day excursion fare to London, U.A.A.'s daily Comet service, is £105 return. Travel agents who specialize in some excellent inclusive tours are: Holy Land Tours, Milbanke Travel, Fairways & Swinford, Swann's, Cooks, Brompton Travel, and Metropolitan.

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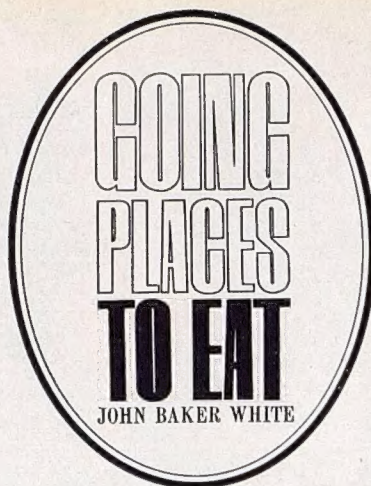
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Magic Carpet Inn, 124 Kings Road, Chelsea. (KEN 6296.) Open from 6 p.m. with full licence to 1 a.m. and orders taken to that time. Sundays, 6 p.m. to midnight. Mr. & Mrs. Leslie Brampton could claim that this is one of Chelsea's oldest and most famous restaurants, but they move with the times. In addition to the à la carte menu, there is now a 21s. all-in menu with a wide choice of courses that would be hard to beat for good quality and high value anywhere in London. For example, you can start with smoked salmon, go on to Chicken Grand Mère—one of the 10 specialities of the house—and finish with Saboyon-au-Marsala. There is a good wine list, including a 1955 Château Siran Margaux at 27s. 6d., and the unusual 1959 Ingelheimer Pink Hock at 24s. There is pleasantly nostalgic piano music to 1 a.m., which adds gaiety to the genuine atmosphere of the restaurant. W.B. **La Ronde**, 59 Marloes Road, Kensington. (WES 2589.) Open luncheon and dinner, and on Sundays. New, and to my mind, admirable. Small, done up in good taste, comfortable and service most attentive. Menu of sensible dimensions and cooking first class. Grouse and Shish-Kebab passed with flying colours. The wine list is not large but was chosen with great care and thought; result, high quality and moderate prices. N.B. White Burgundy No. 2, Red Burgundy No. 7, and Claret No. 16. I congratulate Alan Gifford and Savvas on a restaurant that lives up to its claim of being intimate. No car-parking headaches at night. Price? Without wine, do well for about 30s. per head. W.B.

A royal occasion

Before King George IV put Brighton on the map people



At the King George IV Bicentenary Luncheon; Mr. Clifford Musgrave, Lord Boothby, Mr. W. H. Oatley, managing director of the Distillers Agency, Mr. A. C. Strofton, chairman of the Off-licences Association

used to go there to drink sea water. At the Bicentenary Luncheon—the King was born on 12 August, 1762—in the Royal Pavilion a large and cheerful company drank Amontillado sherry, Liebfraumilch Crown of Crowns '59 and Château Cos D'Estournel '53, with liqueur whisky or brandy afterwards. The party, given by King George IV Old Scotch Whisky and the Distillers Agency, were given an admirable repast from Forfars, the Hove caterers. We had what seemed a perfectly balanced meal for a summer's day—Turtle soup, cold Scotch salmon, Syllabub Royale and Wensleydale Cheese. Mr. Clifford Musgrave, Curator of the Pavilion, was most enlightening on George IV, and Lord Boothby was on top form. And talking of whisky, French imports from Scotland doubled in 1961: I am told that George IV is one of their favourite brands.

In the Chilterns

The King's Head, Ivinghoe. (Cheddington 264.) Open Sundays. This village is a joy to the eye, and this 17th-century house fits in perfectly. In it is to be found cooking of high quality, which is not surprising, for it is run by Mr. André Mazzullo, known to many habitués of the Hungaria. At the end of a long drive I had Parma ham with melon, goulash of sole with a salad, and raspberries and cream, with a pint of Pimms, better made than any I have had for a long time. Not only was the food quite excellent, but every effort was made to make it look as attractive as possible, and the waiters, to whom I was just a lone diner in a busy room, were obviously anxious that I should enjoy myself. With the Pimms and coffee my bill was £2—a

sound investment. Ivinghoe is a pleasant drive-out from London in the evening. Traveling back in the dark via Hemel Hempstead and King's Langley it took me, without hurrying, exactly 60 minutes to the petrol station at Swiss Cottage. W.B.

. . . and a reminder

The Burghley Room, Grosvenor House. A reminder that this is a place for very special eating and drinking after proper consultation with maître d'hôtel John Piazzoni. Open Sundays in the summer.
Restaurant L'Oranger, 68 Welbeck Street. (WEL 2443.) Worth keeping in mind for visits to the Continental film theatres in Oxford Street.
The Salted Almond, Trocadero, Piccadilly Circus. (GER 6920.) Carving for yourself or choosing a cold dish as the main of three courses, you can do well indeed for 18s. 6d.
Scotts, Coventry Street. (GER 7175.) Famous for fish; a place of continuity and tradition.



Fiji-born Carmita, whose songs range from opera to jazz, is appearing at The Room at the Top, Ilford

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THE TATLER
5 SEPTEMBER 1962

AT HOME IN YORKSHIRE



Strolling in the grounds of their home, Crathorne Hall, near Yarm in Yorkshire, Lord and Lady Crathorne enjoy a rare moment of leisure. Lord Crathorne, formerly Sir Thomas Dugdale of Crichel Down fame, is Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, and leader of the British delegation to the Council of Europe. Lady Crathorne pursues a variety of interests including the chairmanship of the restored Georgian Theatre at Richmond. Their two sons, the Hon. Charles James and the Hon. David John, both at Trinity College, Cambridge, have inherited family habits of industry. The elder has been performing in the University Fringe production at the Edinburgh Festival; the younger, having worked six weeks in America, has now saved enough to drive a Mini across the States. Muriel Bowen reports overleaf with more pictures by Van Hallan

MURIEL BOWEN REPORTS

I ASKED THE MAN IN THE CLOTH CAP AT the door of the shabby little cottage, "Where do Lord & Lady Crathorne live?" He smiled warmly. He obviously regarded the Crathornes as friends. "The Dugdales . . ." he said coming out of the cottage and pointing up the road. It was like turning up at Chartwell once and asking where the Churchills lived, and being told: "Mr. Churchill . . ." It is a trait of people whose roots are deep in the English countryside that they never consider that a title here or a knighthood there adds anything to those of whom they already approve.

LORD CRATHORNE is a seldom quoted name in the thick of the things that are making headlines—Europe and Racing. As Senior Steward of the Jockey Club he is probably the busiest man to hold the position in 200 years. Racing is changing. More and more it is a sport that's becoming Big Business. The board the Government set up under FIELD-MARSHAL LORD HARDING OF PETHERTON to put a levy on the Tote and on bookmakers will benefit racing to the tune of £1,250,000 a year and more as from next year. How the money is spent naturally interests the Jockey Club. "There is no official connection between the Board and the Jockey Club, but of course we are closely in touch," Lord Crathorne told me. We were talking at Crathorne Hall, his house in the North Riding of Yorkshire, a massive pile of buff-coloured stone modelled on the Chelsea Hospital. Lord Crathorne himself would make the perfect model for an inn sign for the Jolly Farmer. An agreeable personality but one who has the reputation at the Jockey Club of standing no nonsense from those who don't want racing to move with the times.

I hadn't expected him to be so cheerful. In 1954 as Sir Thomas Dugdale he resigned as Minister of Agriculture over the Criche Down affair. His political career was shattered overnight. Though it must have been a cruel blow to him, seldom can a Minister's resignation have been such an indirect benefit to the country. Lord Crathorne's action terrified Government officials, and their dealings with the public have been noticeably more human ever since.

WISE VOICE AT THE COUNCIL

It is reassuring for those of us who worry about living with the Continentals (dying for them is quite different) that Lord Crathorne leads the British Delegation to the Council of Europe. After the lawyers and the planning pundits have finished buttoning up their agreements, I can see Lord Crathorne put a questioning finger to one of their happy arrangements that may affect adversely nobody but you

and me. They won't like him for it. But they'll give way. They won't have any answer to the wisdom of common sense. At Crathorne Hall, Lord Crathorne has 3,000 acres, 500 of them devoted to mixed farming. One might question some of his estate fencing, but in Yorkshire they say he's a good farmer. The estate has pheasant shooting, but for fishing he relies on invitations from his friends.

LADY CRATHORNE is one of the three famous Tennant sisters, the others being LADY WAKEHURST and BARONESS ELLIOT OF HARWOOD. Their enthusiasm is a family joke. "Mother used to say that she loved having her children around but she loved them most one at a time," Lady Crathorne told me. British Legion, education, politics, fine arts, she's in them all. In 1939 when few people bothered about boys' clubs she rounded up her friends, told them to bring aprons and scrubbing brushes and turned a scruffy room in the village into a pleasant clubhouse. Today there are 62 boys' clubs in Yorkshire and few of the youth problems of which we are aware farther south. Latest thing to come into her orbit is the Georgian Theatre at Richmond, Yorkshire. It has been restored at a cost of more than £10,000 and the public is flocking to see it. The first performance is hoped for next year.

Most noticeable thing about the Crathornes is that they cope without apparent rush. Lady Crathorne sums it up this way: "Take on any project and you must make up your mind to carry the weight of the elephant. Do anything new and it's amazing the way even your best friends call you 'an absolute fool!'" I'm glad that it is Lady Crathorne, not me, who carries the weight of the elephant. She carries it so cheerfully.

HAZARD OF THE GIMCRACK

It is a tradition that whoever wins the Gimcrack Stakes at the August meeting at York makes a speech at the Gimcrack dinner at York in December. Indeed for this reason some owners view the winning of the Gimcrack with trepidation. But wherever they are, back to York they come in mid-winter and make that speech. A couple of years ago Mrs. J. R. MULLION flew from Hong Kong, worried the whole way, and became the first woman to speak at a Gimcrack dinner. Mr. DAVID VAN CLIEF who won last week with Crocket is not likely to worry so much. So confident was Mr. van Clief about Crocket that a week before the race he was rehearsing the speech before friends at a garden party at his place in Virginia!

It was a good week for American owners. There were many friends of Mr. JOCK WHITNEY, the former Ambassador, cheering home Duncie Cap to win the Lowther Stakes. Another American who is well liked in England, Mr. PAUL MELLON, took the Vernons Gold Cup with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 483



Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard and Lady Susan Watson



Priscilla Graham and her mother, Mrs. Alastair Graham



Alderman Robert A. Cattle, Lord Mayor of York, with his wife, the Lady Mayoress

A DAY AT THE RACES

York races brought luck to American owners when Mr. David van Clief's Crocket ridden by D. Smith (see below) won the Gimcrack Stakes and Mr. Paul Mellon took the Vernons Gold Cup with Secret Step



Winner of the Gimcrack Stakes, Crocket, ridden by D. Smith



Finish of the Vernons Gold Cup; Secret Step (No. 2) won, superbly ridden by G. Lewis

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN HALLAN



Miss Sarah Legard



The Countess of Halifax



Viscountess Allendale and her son the Hon. Wentworth Beaumont

A DANCE FOR DAPHNE

Mr. & Mrs. Reg Hindley gave a dance for their daughter Daphne (*right*) at Gisburne Park, their Yorkshire home

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



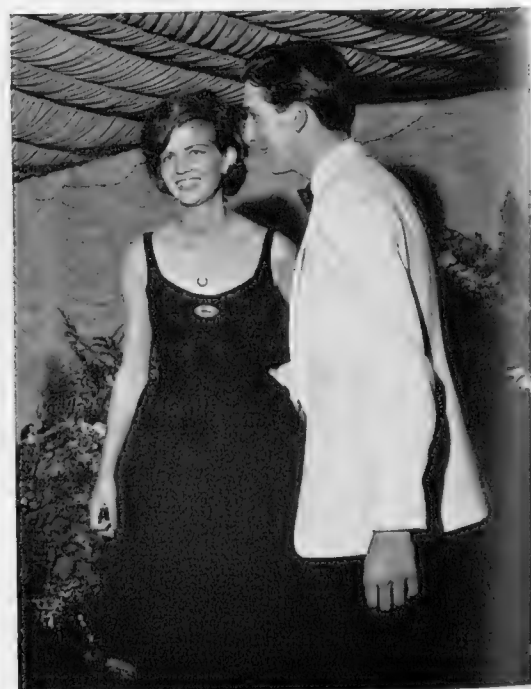
Lord & Lady Clitheroe



Mr. & Mrs. G. E. G. Naylor with Mr. George Drayson, M.P. for Skipton, and Mrs. Drayson



Mrs. Ian Haighton with Col. & Mrs. Michael Birtwistle



Miss Sara Dunlop and Mr. Jeremy Hindley

MURIEL BOWEN CONTINUED

Secret Step. Mr. Mellon who is here more often in the hunting rather than the racing season wasn't there to see the horse win but they were saying round the paddock: "Isabel can bring him back the cup—and have fun with the American Customs over it." Isabel is the HON. ISABEL MONCKTON who was attending the races while home on holiday. She is secretary to Mrs. Mellon.

YORK'S ROYAL LINK

THE PRINCESS ROYAL was in her box each day with Mrs. J. DE ROTHSCHILD and she was joined for one of the four days' racing by the DUKE & DUCHESS OF KENT. York like Ascot has royal connections which go back to Queen Anne. A cup presented by the reigning monarch has been raced for ever since at Ascot. But Queen Anne's Cup at York has, sadly, long since been won outright.

The County Stand and club rooms, bright and gay with thousands of flowers, were full of Yorkshire families and their house guests. The EARL & COUNTESS OF HALIFAX were there, also the HON. MRS. RUPERT WATSON, Mr. & Mrs. JOHN KING, SIR RICHARD & LADY SYKES, Mr. EDWARD FATTORINI and his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. TIMOTHY KITSON, M.P., & Mrs. KITSON, Mrs. DEREK PARKER BOWLES and the DUKE & DUCHESS OF NORFOLK. The local cricketers were delighted to hear from the Duke that he would be visiting their Cricket Festival at Scarborough this month.

Others at York races included VISCOUNTESS GALWAY, Mrs. L. BROTHERTON and her daughter, ANNE, Miss NANCY WORMALD, SIR OLIVER GOONETILLEKE, the former Governor General of Ceylon, who was going on to dine with Mr. & Mrs. LOUIS HYMAN, Miss BELINDA CAYLEY, Miss POLLY ERSKINE, LADY CLARISSA DUNCOMBE, Mr. & Mrs. FRED HARTLEY who were showing friends over their new stud farm near Harrogate after racing, LORD & LADY MASHAM, and Mrs. ANN BIDDLE, the American racehorse owner who lives in Ireland and who figured in an amusing incident after the running of the Variety Club of Great Britain Stakes. In the event of a photo-finish the winner was to have a TV set. While waiting for the photograph both Mrs. Biddle and Mr. Edwin Beechey, owners of the two horses concerned, were both adamant that they did not want the set. The photograph decided it was Mr. Beechey's and he arranged for it to be sent to a local orphanage.

RACE DAY FASHIONS

York is always such a fashionably-dressed meeting. The trouble MAJOR LESLIE PETCH, the Clerk of the Course, takes over making the surroundings attractive encourages women to come in their best. Sadly this year raincoats

were the only sensible attire on two days, although people were doing their best to beat the weather. LADY HEMPHILL came with an attractive hat in a plastic bag. On the first day of the meeting a gale blew across the course and only two people managed to look warm: Mrs. TIM HELLYER & Mrs. BOB HANSON. They were both wearing fur coats!

MEETING THE LORD MAYOR

The Ebor Dinner at the Mansion House was an unexpected bonus on the social side. ALD. R. A. CATTLE, this year's Lord Mayor, had it as a gesture to the racing fraternity who always send their best horses to race at York. Mr. Cattle is himself a racing man with at least two winners so far this season. FIELD-MARSHAL LORD HARDING OF PETHERTON, the man whom everybody at the dinner wanted to meet, was there with LADY HARDING. "I had a very hopeful conversation with him," Major Leslie Petch told me. "I think we can expect generous financial help for our five-year expansion plan."

York racecourse authorities are a fleet-footed lot. The seven-year lease of the course ended this year and the new 99-year lease was signed only the day after the dinner.

At the dinner there were the inevitable speeches. LORD JAMES OF RUSHOLME, Vice Chancellor of the new University of York and a non-racing man, got most of the laughter. He gave a vivid description of the attitude of his fellow passengers in a railway carriage, on discovering that he had spent a race day in Chester without going to the races.

RACE NIGHT DANCE

On the last night of racing Mr. & Mrs. REG HINDLEY had a coming-out dance at Gisburne Park, Gisburn, nr. Clitheroe, for their daughter, DAPHNE. (See picture on page 482.) Mr. Hindley is, of course, one of our best horsemen and he has turned the country of the Pendle Forest and Craven Harriers, of which he is Master, into the best organized and run hunting country to be found in England today. His daughter's dance was also a model to others of how such things should be done.

Miss Daphne Hindley, who is a tall, willowy blonde girl, wore an extremely pretty dress of palest blue satin with the bodice decorated with pearls and diamanté. Guests at the dance included: Mr. & Mrs. ARTHUR HINDLEY, Mr. & Mrs. NORMAN GRIMSHAW, Mr. & Mrs. CHRISTOPHER NELSON and their daughter and son-in-law, EARL & COUNTESS BATHURST, Mr. DEREK RAWSON and his daughter, GEORGINA, Miss DIANA PORTER HARGREAVES, and Mr. & Mrs. GEOFFREY HAIGHTON and their daughter, JANE. Also there were: Mr. & Mrs. JOCK YORKE, Mr. & Mrs. GEOFFREY HUSTLER, Mr.

TIMOTHY ALLHUSEN, Mr. & Mrs. BECKETT HENDERSON, Miss SHIRLEY GILBERT, MAJOR & MRS. RICHARD BROWNING, Mr. DUNCAN FITZWILLIAMS and Miss LAVINIA LEGARD who also had a race week dance for her coming out.

The dance started off in the conventional way, but soon there were calls for the Twist. As Miss Hindley's elder brother JEREMY said to bandsman Tommy Kinsman: "It will sort out the sheep from the goats!" One man who could not be put with the goats was LORD CLITHEROE. Not only was he twisting enthusiastically but he was enjoying it hugely—an observation that could not be made about the rest of his generation who were on the floor.

NORTH TO THE SUN

In Scotland the weather can be more precarious than it is in England. The mist descending on the heather always sounds a good deal more glamorous than it actually is.

So it was a great lift to the morale, having left London in pouring rain by the comfortable night sleeper, to breakfast at Gleneagles Hotel in Perthshire in brilliant sunshine. The scent of flowers on the terrace came through my window. And looking out over patches of heather on the golf course I could see the hills above Glendevon constantly being re-draped in different shades of green by the passing clouds. It is this picturesqueness combined with a luxurious peace which brings people flocking to Gleneagles after the 12th.

The EARL OF CROMER, Governor of the Bank of England, & the COUNTESS OF CROMER stopped for a couple of days on their way from the far north. Mr. & Mrs. R. GRAHAM BAILEY who had been salmon fishing in Morayshire were there, and so too were VICOMTESSE DE SAINT-SAUVEUR who was out on the King's Course every day, SIR DAVID & LADY ROBERTSON who stopped a night on their way north, LORD & LADY BILSLAND, Mr. & Mrs. COWAN DOBSON, and their friend Mrs. GEORGE WHIGHAM, and SIR LESLIE & the HON. LADY GAMAGE who were there for a month. They were joined for part of the time by her sister, the HON. MRS. ROSE.

LADY MACKENZIE WOOD had DR. PETER WOOD and his fiancée, Miss ELIZABETH HORAM, to stay, and still more were the EARL OF DERBY, the MARQUESS OF BLANDFORD, SIR ROBERT & LADY MENZIES, Mr. & Mrs. HENRY TIARKS, VISCOUNTESS CAMROSE whose very big party included the HON. RODNEY & Mrs. BERRY, and LADY JULIET SMITH, BARON & BARONESS DE TEISSIER, SIR ERNEST & LADY LEVER, and Mr. SYDNEY BLACK and his daughter, JANE.

Mr. Black and his family have been carrying on a very spirited fight to keep Surrey intact, and not have a large slice of it made part of London as the Government proposes.

Pace-makers go camping

Twenty-seven young riders of the South Oxfordshire Pony Club took part in a week's camp at Mr. Gilbert Edgar's Hutton Farm, Hambleden. Most youngsters had their own ponies and looked after them (Lynne Eacott sponges down Smoky Joe, below) and the gear. Apart from usual activities there were rehearsals for events in the Prince Philip Mounted Games competition, in which the South Oxfordshire has always done well

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN





Every piece of equipment is cleaned after a day's riding



Carol Eacott, at 9 the youngest camper, rides her own pony, Twinkletoes



Susan Newell with Sunburn



Robert Stevens asks for more



Clare Pearson and Mary Simpson on Snowball



Roger Randall and Chris Wilson on Zanar



In front, the three Ride Leaders; Corporal S. D. Higgs (Royal Horse Guards), Miss Mary Mackie & Mrs. Joan Tilbury, camp-leader



Setting out from Hutton Farm for an afternoon's work



Three girls in a boat, **Susie**, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. David Quilter, **Katie**, daughter of Mr. Raymond & the Hon. Mrs. Seymour and (centre) her step-sister **Sarah Finnis**, sum up in smiles the pleasures of a . . .

Holiday in Bembridge

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL



David, son of Mr. & Mrs. John Profumo, and his step-brother **Mark Havelock-Allan** with **Rupert**, son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. James Allason



Julia, daughter of Major Michael & Lady Joanna Stourton, and **Lucilla**, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Stourton



Patrick, son of Mr. Atholl & the Hon. Mrs. Duncan



Lady Celestria Noel, daughter of the Earl & Countess of Gainsborough



Lorna, daughter of Mr. Atholl & the Hon. Mrs. Duncan

The fjord is Norwegian, the Finns are the sailing dinghies which competed in the World Championship at Tonsberg near Oslo. Vernon Stratton, Finn champion in 1960, took the pictures and wrote the report

The Finn Gold Cup presented by Mr. F. G. Mitchell in 1956 drew 150 single-handed sailors from 18 nations to Tonsberg. They came from countries as far apart as Japan, U.S.A., Russia and South Africa. This year I had the opportunity of arriving early, taking my time and plenty of pictures—not the usual last minute rush. Soon 40 Swedes arrived complete with camping gear. In no time the pinewoods of Fjaerholm became a forest of orange and blue. Boats arrived on trailers, upside down on roofs of cars and on lorries, Coca-Cola huts sprang up overnight.

To Finn sailors this is not only the World Championship but an excuse to get abroad, meet old friends and make new ones. It's a real proving ground, too, for new boats, sails and techniques. Without it the standard would not have improved so rapidly. To Finn sailors there's nothing more thrilling than leading a fleet; getting the good start, but it's a miracle when they can, since as many as 30 boats are sometimes locked together. Often it's a thrill just beating the boat ahead for 79th place. Small men get visibly bigger as they pile on sweaters to gain precious pounds to windward. Others frantically shave their masts to make them more limber. Everyone offers advice freely and exchanges ideas; there is no great feeling of nationalism here, even the Russians shake hands and joke.

Left & below: *Harald Eriksen, new president of the International Finn Association*

150 FINNS IN A FJORD





Mrs. Eriksen tows the boats out to the start



Arne Akerson of Sweden, this year's Gold Cup winner



Richard Creagh-Osborne, the best of the British this year



Andre Nelis, who won the event last year



Desmond Stratton, third in the 1960 Gold Cup



Commodore Leif Kjaer joins Pepe Stratton in a shrimp picnic between races. Below: Waiting for the wind—this happened most mornings



Repairing the bottom well after dinnertime. Below: Rounding a mark. No protest committee could sort this out so everyone continues





Henning Wind, fourth this year



Adelchi Pelaschier, the Italian champion



Alexander Chuchelov, Russian Olympic silver medallist



Yasuo Hozumi from Japan. The next Olympics are in Tokyo



Hans Fogh, Dutch ace, wore 50 lbs. of wool



Russians peer inside a Finn for new fittings. Below: The moment every skipper dreams about. A clear view under the boom and no boats approaching to starboard, the sheet cleated, the boat upright and romping to windward



THINGS WORTH WAITING FOR...



* EIGHT WEEKS

to get a pair of shoes made for your husband by Peal (48 Wigmore Street). Because before they make the shoes, they make individual lasts for every customer, which are kept in the shop for future orders, and because every part is made by hand.

Worth waiting for because they look stunning, feel marvellous, will last for years. Price £20.

* TWO MONTHS

depending on size to get a piece of furniture designed and made by David Powell. (The Gilded Cow, 46 Old Church Street, Chelsea.) Because before he starts he makes a scale model for the customer to approve, and all his furniture is craftsman-made.

Worth waiting for because he will produce a piece of furniture that will be exactly as you want it, and because he uses materials like South American rosewood, Thai silks. A sideboard he has recently designed has three drawers for cutlery, two compartments for china, and a concealed wine-bin completely metal-lined. On top are two glass plate-warmers. The sideboard has no legs, was designed to fit into a wall.

* UNSPECIFIED TIME

to get the hard-of-hearing amplifying telephone from the G.P.O., because in some areas there's a waiting list.

Worth waiting for because the telephones come in six enterprising colours; and because there is a small sound adjuster set in the ear piece, which controls a transistorized amplifier that makes faint voices sound as though coming from the next room. These telephones carry a slightly higher rental than the ordinary ones; the person to apply to for details is your local telephone manager, whose address is at the top of your telephone account.

* 6 OR 7 MONTHS

to get delivery of the E type Jaguar. Because an eager foreign market snaps up 80 per cent of them as soon as they set tyre out of the toolroom.

Worth waiting for because for £2,036 0s. 3d. you will get a super sports car that combines space-age dash with carriage-trade comfort and is guaranteed to grab attention wherever you go, also because it's satisfying to leave men drivers spluttering into gear at the traffic lights; and if you can't accelerate away in this car (from 0 to 100 m.p.h. in 16 seconds), then you've got your foot on the wrong pedal, that's what.

* THREE WEEKS

(in the summer, 10 days in the winter) to get an evening dress cleaned by Lilliman & Cox, Hanover Square. Because each garment is cleaned and finished individually by hand.

Worth waiting for because the dress comes back like new. Charges are from 50s.

* NINE MONTHS

to get a black and white Jasper vase from Wedgwood. Because it is turned by hand on the 18th-century lathe that was made for the original Josiah Wedgwood, and the white raised figures are applied by hand.

Worth waiting for because so few are made that they are collectors' items the moment they enter your house. Price £26 17s. 6d.

* SIX MONTHS

to get your dog out of quarantine when you bring him into this country. Because that's the law, lady.

Worth waiting for because your dog is the only person you know who will greet you with devotion after you've left him locked up for half a year.





In the space-age speed-rush it's refreshing to remember that skill and craftsmanship can't be hurried. If you want the best there may be a time lag. Angela Ince lists examples

* UNSPECIFIED TIME

to get the new Unit Plan Central Heating installed (there's a delay in some areas because a queue is already forming).

Worth waiting for because Unit Plan Central Heating operates during off-peak hours, when unit rates are low, so that the cost will be about 4s. per heater per week. Two heaters can be installed for around £60, including the wiring, and further ones cost £30 each. Additional advantage: this system of heating has been used industrially for some time so there's no risk of teething troubles. Apply for details to your local Electricity Board; they will arrange to survey your house and tell you how many heaters you need.

* 12 WEEKS

to get the Indian "Tree of Life" wallpaper from Coles, Mortimer Street. Because it has to be specially printed from the original 1760 block.

Worth waiting for because it is the oldest design in existence, and can be printed in virtually any colour you like. It costs from approximately 35s. a piece, and you have to order a minimum of five pieces.

* 24 HOURS

to get Chicken Kentish Pudding at Simpsons in the Strand. Because you have to order it the day before, or else trust to luck you'll be eating there on the one day a week it is served.

Worth waiting for because it's delicious, and the helpings are enormous. This is really a winter dish, and they start serving it in October. If you can't wait that long, here is the recipe, given by Mr. Arthur Moss, head chef of Simpsons: For four people: two 2 lb. chickens; 1 lb. salt belly of pork; 4 oz. chopped onions. Pepper and salt, chopped parsley; 1½ lb. suet paste. Method: Simmer the belly of pork for three-quarters of an hour. Cut the chickens in two; line a pudding basin with some of the suet paste. Put in two halves of the chicken with a few of the onions, and half the pork, sliced. Then the other two pieces of chicken, and on top the rest of the onions and pork. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and the parsley, cover with water. Cover the basin with the rest of the paste, and boil for two and a half hours or steam for two hours.

* 200 YEARS

according to that old Cambridge story, to make a decent lawn.

Worth waiting for because when American visitors ask how long it takes to get a lawn like that, you can casually tell them.

* UNSPECIFIED TIME

to get a Norland Nurse for your baby (it might be two days or two months), partly because a lot of other people besides you want one, and partly because the Nurses choose their own posts from applicants. For instance, if you live in Land's End and there happens to be a Nurse available who wants a post in Land's End, you'd get one right away. It's advisable to apply (to the Norland Nursery Training College, Chislehurst, Kent) as soon as you know one will be needed.

Worth waiting for, if you have to, because Norland Nurses have two years' meticulous training behind them, and a reputation all over the world that is based on 70 years of service.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEX LOW AND ROSEMARY PHILIPS

THE PLAY MAKERS

THE NATIONAL YOUTH THEATRE WHOSE TWO-week season at Sadler's Wells includes an ambitious new production of *Henry V* alternating with a version of *Julius Caesar* in modern dress owes its foundation and a deal of its success to the vision and dynamic of a former schoolmaster. The venture began in 1955, when Mr. Michael Croft (picture right) was teaching at Alleyns, with resources no stronger than the enthusiasm for Shakespeare which he had been able to instil in his pupils. Their first production, in 1956, was *Henry V* on what they now call "a limited scale" though the cast even then numbered 50. In the following years came

Troilus and Cressida—an Edinburgh Festival success—and *Hamlet* which, after a London production, was presented in Holland and at the International Theatre Festival in Paris. Appropriately their modern dress version of *Julius Caesar* scored a big success in Italy and was later acclaimed at the Berlin Theatre Festival. With the current Sadler's Wells production of *Henry V* they make their biggest forward step yet with elaborate scenery and with bigger crowd scenes (more than 100 on stage) than professional theatres can usually afford. The group, many of whose founder members have since become well-known professional

actors, now numbers more than 200 boys and girls. They are admitted following an audition by the Director who chooses them first of all for their ability to "fit in" and only as a second line for acting ability. This year for the first time auditions were held provincially—in Bristol for the West, Manchester for the Midlands and North—in an effort to obtain a variety of dialect. But Mr. Croft's greatest contribution remains the enthusiasm he inspires in each member of the group, from office staff to scene painter and principal actor. Pictures of the steady build-up for the *Henry V* production were taken in an L.C.C. Institute.



Left: Director Michael Croft. Seated at his desk (opposite page) he directs the assembly of the English army during one of the final rehearsals held in the L.C.C. Evening Institute

used by the group. Below: Mr. Brian Croft, head of the workshop (no relation to Director Michael), with palms outspread, explains how a piece of stage carpentry can be improved



Michael Croft (back to camera) directs the first try-out of the speech before Harfleur. The King (hand upraised) is played by Martin Jarvis, 20, former Whitgift schoolboy and a R.A.D.A. scholarship winner. Left: Ann Penfold is the drummer behind the battle scenes. She also plays a French court lady



N.Y.T. members address copies of the new season's prospectus in the group's London office furnished with the help of a grant from the Ministry of Education. The walls are covered with pictures from former productions and with outside enlargements of medieval woodcuts



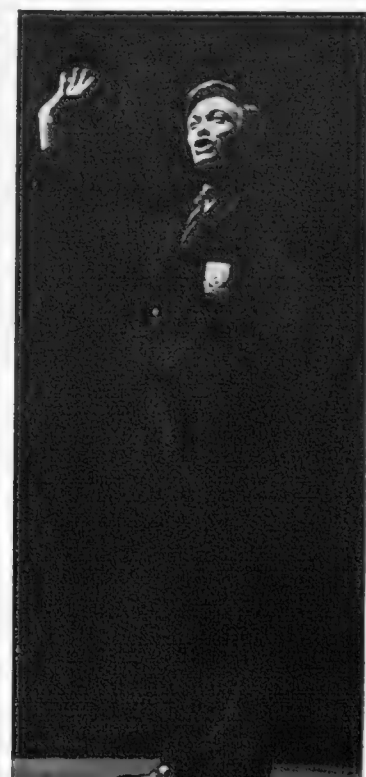
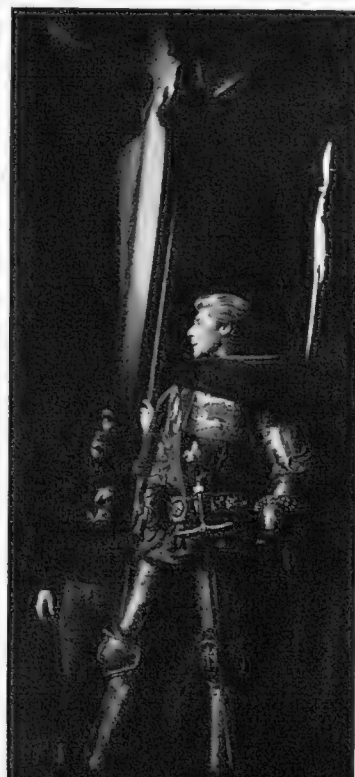
The clash of the captains on the disciplines of war—one of the last rehearsals in the Evening Institute. Below: At the first dress rehearsal the Archbishop of Canterbury (Neil Stacy) succeeds at last in convincing the King (Martin Jarvis) of the justice of England's claim to the throne of France





In their dressing-room Katharine (Valerie Pickup), her lady-in-waiting (Katherine Dyson), and Lesley Portlock. Below: Kenneth Farrington, ex-N.Y.T. member, helps Sean McCarthy

Below left: Henry marches to Te Deum after Agincourt. Below right: Simon Ward, last of the Alleyns founder-members still with the group, plays Chorus in modern dress



Underwater frontiersman

Lord Kilbracken

IT WAS IN 1940, WHEN I WAS LEARNING TO fly at Luton, that I first encountered the best-known product of Mr. Edwin A. Link's inventive genius, through which his name has entered the common vocabulary of fliers. The Link Trainer, which simulates the conditions of flight without ever leaving the safety of *terra firma*, has long been standard equipment in most of the world's air forces for giving basic and advanced instruction in the art of instrument-flying; I suppose I passed some 50 hours in it, and I know they were well spent. I can therefore claim a vicarious acquaintance with Ed dating back 20 years, though it is only in recent months that I have come to know him personally. And now, for two weeks, I've been his guest aboard Sea Diver, the remarkable research vessel which is his summer base and home.

Ed retired in 1959 from day-to-day business life; he is founder and was president of the Link Division of General Precision Corporation, which has its headquarters at Binghamton, N.Y. He had made his name and his million in aviation and given over 30 years of his life to it. But retirement to Ed in fact means harder work, as I've seen in the last fortnight, than many business men know at the peak of their careers. At 55, he set himself a whole new world to conquer, turning his attention from the sky to the sea. The equipment which he has now developed almost as a hobby may well turn out to be more significant than anything he ever achieved in aviation. He has been putting it through its first practical trials during my stay aboard Sea Diver.

Man's experience of the ocean bed has till now been limited to an extent I had not realized. He can go to almost any depth in a submarine or bathyscaphe, but in both he is a prisoner. He can make observations or take recordings but cannot leave his pressurized chamber when submerged (except in an emergency, when—with any luck—he can make a rapid return to sea level). Such vehicles are therefore valueless for the whole range of undersea operations which involve physical contact with the water. The most obvious of these is salvage—whether of wrecks, treasure, or cities under the sea, with all of which Ed Link has been involved at one time or another. But there are others more important—or potentially so—prospecting and drilling for offshore

oil and minerals, or submarine cultivation and fish-farming—quite apart from scientific research-work. Achievement in these domains has been negligible till now owing to the limitations of the human frame and the shortcomings of equipment.

There are two recognized methods, as I've learned in these two weeks, of doing underwater work—and I mean work as opposed to travel. At shallow depths and for short periods of submergence, it is normal to use scuba (self-contained underwater breathing apparatus)—a comprehensive term for the Aqua-lung in all its variations, with which most amateur divers are already well acquainted. The scuba-diver is completely mobile, and is also unencumbered by heavy or clumsy equipment, but his stay underwater is severely limited because he carries his own supply of air on his back. If he goes deep—even to 60 feet—his period there is further limited because he must keep air in reserve to make a slow return to the surface. To avoid “the bends,” he must spend a minimum of one hour, for example, in ascending from 100 feet after spending 70 minutes there. With a helmet and full diving suit, he can go deeper and stay there longer; but delicate work is not possible if he is wearing such cumbersome gear, and the same slow return to surface is essential. This can be hazardous if the weather deteriorates while a dive is in progress, and the length of time he can spend in the water is limited through the very fact of his exposure to it. It would be extremely troublesome to spend four hours at 100 feet—requiring, as it does, a gradual ascent taking no less than 283 minutes—and in fact this equipment is impracticable for more than a brief visit at depths over 200 feet.

And that was the sum total of it till Ed Link came along this summer with his revolutionary equipment and technique. His basic principle is to get the best of two worlds, the submariner's and the scuba-diver's, by means of a compression chamber which the diver himself controls, and which he can leave and re-enter “in his skin” at depths up to 1,000 feet. He can even stay there, if necessary, for periods of several weeks, working on the sea bed for “normal office hours” and returning to his house-in-the-sea for rest and refreshment like any city commuter. The gradual ascent to the surface is not necessary because the diver can under-

go the necessary decompression after his return to the parent vessel, remaining inside the chamber.

I have watched with fascination as Ed put his research prototype through increasingly arduous trials. It is tiny—eleven feet long overall, with an external diameter of only 37 inches—but he has already shown that it can perform all the evolutions of which its direct lineal descendants will be capable, though with less personal comfort for the occupant—in this case, Ed himself—than will be enjoyed in later models. It was constructed in the United States to his own designs and specification of three-quarter-inch aluminium. The instrument-filled main chamber, in which he has already descended briefly to 200 feet, is only 6 feet long (half-an-inch longer than Ed); it is so claustrophobic that I feel unhappy if I clamber into it when it's safely on deck, even though it has electric light, central heating and a telephone which connects it at all times to Sea Diver. Incarcerated inside it, Ed nonchalantly descends to increasingly greater depths. By raising the air pressure till it equals the external water pressure, he can open the hatches and swim around outside, drawing his breathing mixture through a hose which connects him to the main supply system. (The mixture is helium and oxygen on all prolonged dives, to avoid the risk of nitrogen narcosis.) The cylinder, floating vertically, retains its “atmosphere” though the hatches are open—like a glass placed upside-down in a basin of water.

On his next dive, at the moment of writing, Ed plans to spend 8 hours at 60 feet—a world record at that depth and pressure. If all goes well, he will then spend two *days* at 60 feet. On both dives, he will spend perhaps one-third of his time outside the chamber. He plans thereafter to go progressively deeper, and to stay there progressively longer, with an ultimate target of a fortnight—no less—at a couple of hundred feet. This compares with any previous achievement in this field much as a trip in space compares with a Comet flight to Paris.

And Ed, I feel certain, will achieve the results he expects, however arduous or hazardous the preliminaries may be. For he is a man, as I now know, of such dedication and determination that he would achieve, eventually, any target he set himself—even if he were reaching for the stars.



BARRY WARNER

SHORT CUTS

Short cut to an easy slice is the sharpest possible knife pared to a razor edge. And the best buy is a professional cook's choice. Many Cordon Bleu cooks go to shops like Cadec in Greek Street where the knife armoury is sharp indeed. The head chefs at the Mirabelle and Caprice buy theirs at S. Ferrari, Archer Street (where they sell the French Greats, Sabatier and Tichet)

and at Jaeggi, Leon of Tottenham Court Road. Kitchen equipment of every kind is sold by William Page, Shaftesbury Avenue, who have Sabatier knives with that special bendy sharpness. In the picture: Sabatier chopper (1). £1. 8s. 3d., vegetable knife (5), 2s. 6d., and 8-in. knife (6), 10s. 8d. Gustav Emil Ern carving knife and fork (4), £1 17s. 6d. and £1 3s. 6d. plus workmanlike steel (7), £1 11s. 9d.

Woollands have some indispensable kitchen equipment that works efficient knife tricks: a meat slicer

like a smaller version of the ones in shops makes double-quick cuttings for parties or families where carving for six takes time: £7 19s. 6d: (3). Here, too, are made-to-measure boards with everything a cook could reasonably want set out on it. They simply click back into position instead of getting lost in drawers. Easy dissection of poultry with these shears (2) imported by Ettinger and sold by Presents of Dover St.: £3 5s. 6d.

COUNTERSPY BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

Paris collections



The second issue of news from the Paris autumn collections brings a fashion portfolio compiled by Elizabeth Dickson and devised by Keith Cunningham with pictures by Barry Warner. Hairstyles are by Alexandre, make-up by Harriet Hubbard Ayer

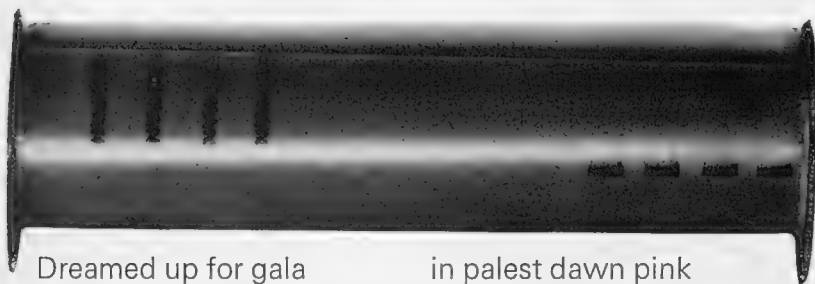
Chanel (on the left) showed a scarlet wool coat and skirt handsomely trimmed and lined in ocelot. Ocelot bandsman hat with scarlet tassel and jewel clip. Ocelot suit in the middle picture worn with gleaming black velvet top and hat. Sparkling cluster earrings. Right: ocelot bowler with black petersham bow. Both hat and suit from the collection of Simonetta-Fabiani

ON THE SPOT SPOTS AND COATS OF THE SEASON



Two befurred suits designed to wear and dress down in different ways, each with a hood and new set-in shoulders. Centre picture and smaller variations show the pick of the urbane day suits at **Nina Ricci**. In spinach green wool with slightly longer jacket, detachable hood framed in ocelot. Velvet helmet and long-sleeved collarless crêpe blouse in rich donkey brown. The white tweed partners by **Jacques Griffe** begin with a collarless travel coat. Lean suit in same tweed, the pompon pixie hood and coat lining in beaver

Paris collections



Dreamed up for gala evenings, regal receptions and the débutante ball—the return of the ballgown à la Grecque. Opposite page: pearly white chiffon dress with flounced skirt, the shoestring strapped bodice swathed at the waist and accentuated by a bow of pink satin. Chandelier earrings in pearl and diamond. **Balmain.** right: cold shoulder beauty in fluid silk jersey, the entire dress

in palest dawn pink except for an inset in white on the bodice. **Grès.** below right: deepest décolletage from the nightfall fashions, sculptured into a Grecian column of white pleated jersey with bodice etching and straps in rhinestone. **Jacques Heim.** left: waterfall of white chiffon pleats falls to ankle-length from a high Empire bodice. From Yorn







Wrap-up recipe : wear a coat or a cloak, add fur for trims or lining. Wear a hood if you please. Shown here, four daytime cover-ups that trace the line for autumn. above : the cloak habit in sombre black wool worn with a sandwich board slit down one side, lavishly trimmed in red fox. **Grès.** right : nonchalant town and country coat with gilt-buttoned tabs on shoulders and cuffs, a partnering skirt and tie

blouse. In loose woven creamy tweed, lined and cuffed in marten sable. **Chanel.** opposite page left : little girl lost look conjured up by a slender, belted coat in white wool. Peasant shawl with generous fringe in dark aubergine wool. **Guy Laroche.** right : the striped fur coat worn with high collar and slightly lower hemline. Zebra-crossed black and white fox cap in velvet. **Pierre Cardin**





Paris collections



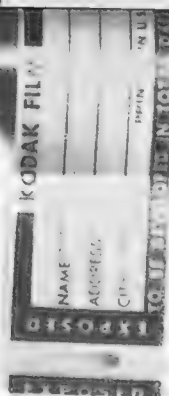
Pale pink satin cape and skirt, black bodice encrusted with jet; cummerbund and bow in tobacco brown satin. **Nina Ricci**

Black and white speckle tweed day suit grows the skirt to ankle-length for night, jacket takes off for jet embroidered chemise top. **Simonetta Fabiani**





Willowy turquoise crêpe dinner gown adopts sweater disguise for the top with fringe and opulent crystal and rhinestone embroidery. **Lanvin Castillo**. Luscious ways with cocktail plumage. Above right: soot wool dress with deep cowl back centred in bow. Baroque crystal and jet jewellery. Hat preened in net. Below right: second black wool dress with scoop neckline, waist and hem caught with wool rose. Velvet turban sports osprey feathers, bib necklet in pearl. Both by **Yves St. Laurent**



VERDICTS

PLAYS

PAT WALLACE

BLACK NATIVITY CRITERION THEATRE (MARION WILLIAMS, ALEX BRADFORD, HENRIETTA WADDY)

Free-wheeling simplicity

THE ONLY THING THE AUDIENCE DON'T DO AT this show is to climb on the stage and mingle with the cast. For the rest, they show their appreciation—a formal phrase which is exactly true in this case—by clapping in rhythm to the songs, greeting such members of the cast as stroll or dance down the aisles, laughing uproariously at moments of comedy and allowing pins to fall with thunderous crashes in the more rapt passages. **Black Nativity**, by Langston Hughes, is London's introduction to gospel singing and if that sounds a trifle naïve and folksy to you, as I admit it did to me, then Miss Marion Williams and her Stars of Faith and Dr. Alex Bradford with his Singers are here to give us a totally new impression.

All the singers and the dancers (the terms are almost interchangeable because even the principal singers move naturally into the rhythm of dance steps) are negro, as is the producer, Miss Vinnette Carroll, whose grave, deep voice as narrator explains and links together the scenes. They are American gospel singers of much renown in their own country, sincere, devout members of their churches. Dr. Bradford is an ordained minister. Gospel singing has been called a "free-wheeling, hand-clapping expression of faith" and that is exactly what it is. What one could not foresee is the impact which its simplicity, gaiety and strongly rhythmical music would have on a normally sophisticated English audience. They all wanted to join in and they did. Not, of course, with the singing, for few people could compete with these voices, used in harmony like orchestral instruments with only two unseen pianos and their own—and our—hand-clapping to supplement them.

The first half of the production is a nativity play in which Mary and Joseph are represented by young dancers, as the men and women singers chant the stages of their story. At first, the ballet miming struck a disappointing note since one was afraid that the young man and the girl would come too close to the now conventional ballet sequences of more worldly musicals. But any such depressing conjectures soon vanished and their dancing logically took the place of their song.

There is not one scene that is irreverent on the one hand or mawkish on the other, but there are plenty that are quite hilarious including, believe it or not, the one in



Christine Lawson as Mary with Ronald Frazer as Joseph in *Black Nativity*

which Miss Marion Williams, herself a buxom black bombshell, sings *What Month Was Jesus Born In?* and her Stars of Faith counter endlessly "last month of the year" without managing to convince her in the least. It was here that the audience really began to participate, clapping the double beat in time with the Stars, tapping feet and even swaying in a refreshingly non-Anglo-Saxon way.

The second half takes the form of a meeting. As Miss Carroll announces: "They're in the church now. It's nearly two thousand years since the Child was born. . . ." And in this part of the performance the songs express not only a robust faith but as many personal applications of that faith as there are scenes. Princess Stewart, a dignified, strangely red-headed figure, sings of her resignation to blindness in a moving, indeed, almost painful lay, *His Will Must Be Done*. Dr. Bradford and his Singers have a wonderfully lusty hymn of thanksgiving, *I Said I Wasn't Gonna Tell Nobody*. Miss Henrietta Waddy, short, middle-aged, with

the electric vitality that all the company seem to share, sings *Get Away Jordan*; a real rouser. And as nearly as a show with the momentum of this one can be stopped, that happens when tall, young Miss Kitty Parham sings her way back and forth on the stage and, to the joy of the audience, all round the stalls, with *We Shall Be Changed*.

For the most part they are all dressed in enveloping black garments with a suggestion of academic gowns, floor-length, and just revealing the endearing incongruity of the women's high-heeled gold slippers. Their common denominator, and there are no exceptions to this, is a spontaneous sincerity. One feels that their artlessness is not contrived but as natural as a child's and that the unity of music and movement they achieve is instinctive. One thing is pretty certain: however one goes into this theatre one is likely to come out of it feeling more relaxed and more cheerful, purely as the result of having had a very good, uncomplicated time.

FILMS

ELSPETH GRANT

JIGSAW DIRECTOR VAL GUEST (JACK WARNER, RONALD LEWIS, YOLANDE DONLAN, MICHAEL GOODLIFFE, JOHN LE MESURIER) **THE LIFE OF ADOLF HITLER** DIRECTOR PAUL ROTH **FOUR SHORT CARTOON FILMS** PRODUCERS HALAS & BATCHELOR

Trunk call

MY ENJOYMENT OF MR. VAL GUEST'S NEAT thriller *Jigsaw*—written, produced and directed by himself—was considerably marred because a newspaper serialization of the story had told me in advance who dun it: who, that is, had murdered and dissected a plaintive, pregnant blonde, packed her joint by joint in a trunk and left it, in the garage adjoining a lonely house on the cliffs outside Brighton, to be discovered by the local constabulary.

Fond as I am of cats, I feel that where thrillers are concerned they should be kept closely confined to their bags until one has personally had a chance to sniff at and paw over the plentiful supply of red herrings invariably provided by writers of this type of fiction. As it was, I had to sit through *Jigsaw* nursing a cat untimely released while I watched the cops painstakingly unravelling a mystery that was no longer one for me.

The Brighton police are clearly a fine body of men. Should you have the misfortune to be bumped off in their manor, you can rest assured they will leave no avenue unexplored, no stone unturned, no suspect unwatched, no telephone call unmade, and no Nosey Parker unquestioned in their efforts to bring the murderer to book. The Hove police, one gathers, will always be *helpful*—but are less dedicated than the dogged Brighton boys, who never mind working overtime if duty calls.

When an irascible Brighton house agent, Mr. Brian Oulton, notifies the police that his premises have been broken into and his file of leases stolen, Mr. Jack Warner (making a benevolent father figure of a detective inspector) nobly resigns himself to missing the football match for which he had bought black market tickets (hm!), and with Mr. Ronald Lewis, a detective sergeant, proceeds to the scene of the crime.

Who would have any reason to steal the leases? Somebody, guesses Mr. Warner, who doesn't want his signature found on one of them. This would probably be a short-term tenant who has more than likely "fitted." Sure enough, a Mr. John Campbell has cleared out of the cliff-top house he had rented for a month, leaving two suitcases, prominently initialled "J.S.," and something very nasty in the garage—that trunk containing the dismembered body of a blonde, presumably the "Mrs. Campbell" described as a bit of a slut by the caretaker of an adjacent caravan site.

Who is, or was, the owner of the suitcases? Not Jean Sherman (Miss Yolande Donlan), the wretched girl who is forced to confess that she spent a night with "John Campbell" (whom she'd picked-up on a train) at the lonely house around the time of the murder. She had only one suitcase which she still has. Was the other "J. S." "Mrs. Campbell"? A local girl? (Back to the telephone directory goes Mr. Lewis.) And, come to



Michael Goodliffe begins to feel the strain of being interviewed by Detective Inspector Jack Warner and Detective-Sergeant Ronald Lewis in *Jigsaw*, thriller with a Brighton setting

think of it, why did "John Campbell" draw attention to the empty house by stealing the lease when he could otherwise have been safely in Tibet or Timbuktu before the murder was discovered?

Give Mr. Guest his due—the lady-killer could have been anyone in the film: the vacuum-cleaner salesman (an excellent performance by Mr. Michael Goodliffe), a certain copper who shall be nameless, a newspaper reporter, or even the grocery-roundsman (Mr. Andy Roach) who has a "photographic memory" in black and white but couldn't tell you the colour of a car or a pair of eyes if you paid him.

The film rattles along at the rate of a hunt, so you may not notice a single discrepancy—and, as in Mr. Guest's major work, *The Day The Earth Caught Fire*, all the little character parts are cutely cast and killingly played. As far as the constabulary is concerned, Mr. Warner sets the pace and tone of the dialogue: in view of the swift flow of dry wisecracks from all his subsidiaries, their slow-wittedness on one point foxed me. I mean, I don't have to live next door to a cop-shop (as I do)—and I didn't have to have read the story—to know that the Monday following Easter Sunday is a Bank Holiday.

With Nazism rearing its hideous head again, here and in the U.S.A. (and in Germany), I consider Mr. Paul Rotha's powerful documentary, *The Life Of Adolf Hitler*, the timeliest of films. From 48 miles of material culled from the official archives of 13 countries and the contemporary newsreels of all nations, Mr. Rotha and his associate, Mr. Robert Kruger, have created an impressive and horrifying survey of Hitler's progress—from his first appearance as the tub-thumping reactionary of 1923 to the bitter end.

It may well be that, in the early 1930s,

anxious industrialists, a defeated army and a humiliated and half-starved people saw in Hitler the hope of regeneration—but was nobody appalled when, flaunting the slogan "WE ARE CALLED BARBARIANS—WE WANT TO BE BARBARIANS—WE ARE PROUD TO BE BARBARIANS," he set about the systematic brutalization of an entire nation? Perhaps it was by then too late to draw back. If you give the Devil your little finger he will take your whole hand and drag you down into the pit. All Germany, willy-nilly, became a party to Hitler's evil-doings—the breaking of solemn pacts, rape of neutrals and slaughter of millions.

The film, never hysterical, makes its most telling points in brief asides: nothing, to me, could be more terrifying than the simple submission of a letter from a reputable German industrial firm (the letter-head is shown) offering to supply incinerators for the disposal of Nazi victims and making a businesslike suggestion that two-pronged forks would facilitate the thrusting of bodies into the furnaces. If this firm is still operating, and I have a horrid feeling it probably is, I wonder how we would compete with it in the Common Market? Or if we'd want to?

I am happy to see that, despite the difficulties confronting cartoon-film makers, the firm of Halas and Batchelor continues to turn out a joyous product. *Hamilton In The Music Festival* is the beguiling tale of a small elephant whose trunk will as readily rock a baby's cradle and vacuum-clean a small apartment as play trumpet, clarinet, tuba, double-bass or percussion in a suddenly depleted orchestra. *For Better, For Worse* (sponsored by N. V. Philips, Holland) just asks "Will you take this TV as your lawful wedded wife?" and, having made its point that TV is here to stay, wonders what you'll do about it.

BOOKS SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

EXACTLY WHAT WE WANT BY PHILIP OAKES (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 18s.) **THE CLIMATE OF BELIEF** BY JENNIFER LASH (GOLLANCZ, 16s.) **DUE TO A DEATH** BY MARY KELLY (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 15s.) **TRAITOR'S WIFE** BY DAVID MONTROSS (GOLLANCZ, 15s.) **THE SECRET WAR** BY SANCHE DE GRAMONT (DEUTSCH, 30s.) **THE MIDDLE PASSAGE** BY V. S. NAIPAUL (DEUTSCH, 30s.)

Nothing to fall for

THIS WEEK I READ A GREAT MANY BOOKS AND fell in love with none of them, though most have interest, competence, and enough liveliness to keep your mind off the tragedy of where the summer went. Take, for instance, *Exactly What We Want* by Philip Oakes, a nice solid read, this one, if that's what you're looking for, and if you're not too fussy about the way most of the characters, situations and backgrounds seem to have been over-used to a point of grubbiness lately. "A refugee from the provinces," says the blurb, boldly referring to the hero in terms that make any reviewer's heart shrink to a piece of old dried-up leather. John Draper is the dim-mish hero, and he works for one of the appalling agencies that only ex-journalists—always a bitter and twisted lot about the slums of their own profession—could possibly dream up. There is also a wide boy who gets on well with the girls, an entirely featureless and ageing deserted wife dreaming of her dead first husband and trying—how can one believe this sort of thing?—to find him again in poor John Draper. Her husband is a TV personality of limitless unpleasantness, and her brief love affair is brought to a conclusion by a device so melodramatic one can hardly credit the words on the page. I have had enough of the provinces, of half-baked lads losing their way, of beautiful, sad, meaningless ladies (this one wants, says the blurb relentlessly, above all things, to be needed, and oh God how we recognize her) and above all of characters as drab to me as they seem to each other.

The Climate Of Belief is a novel by a new novelist called Jennifer Lash who is 22. It is the custom to go gently with first novels—and I take this to be a first—yet *The Climate Of Belief* strains kindness very hard. It is a turgid tale of a puzzled monk called Lucius Trahearne, clearly meant to impress the reader with his remarkable qualities as well as with his spiritual confusion. The fact that he impressed me not at all except as a thundering bore may be partly due to my own wary attitude towards muddled monks in fiction. Dom Lucius inspires devotion, first in the breast of Isabella, who confesses all and sprays her neck "liberally" with scent as they advise you in the beauty columns, and then in Jonathan the monk-manqué who finally jumps into the river. It is all very dark and distressing and difficult, and is made a great deal more oblique by Miss Lash's fondness for sentences such as "Love with clown sentiment seemed to be nothing more than a grimace between them." The jacket refers to the "brilliantly subtle and original use of the English tongue," which just goes to show there are two ways of looking at everything.



The young Italian coloratura soprano, Renata Scotto, makes her Covent Garden debut on Monday. She will be heard in the title role of *Madama Butterfly*, conducted by Maurits Sillem

Due To A Death by Mary Kelly seems to me yet another example of a curious new genre—the perfectly straightforward novel into which a crime has mysteriously been inserted for no apparent reason. The good things about *Due To A Death* are all passages relating to the locale—a rather dismal small village on a marsh and estuary. What I do not like so well is Miss Kelly's complex style, so oblique that time after time I lost my place in the plot, and her habit of souping-up her characters with more mystery and significance than they can decently stand. The book is also remarkable for containing the nastiest heroine-narrator to come my way so far this year—a freckled narcissistic ex-schoolteacher, endlessly concerned with the tedious sorrows of her childhood in an orphanage.

Briefly . . . *Traitor's Wife* by David Montross is a rather jolly, tremendously confused and execrably written thriller along the escape-of-Mrs.-Maclean lines. The author is American, and my happiest moments came in London where there are

flowerwomen round Eros, all the M.I.5 men are disguised as "ragged and down-at-heel" horrors, the drunks carry "wicked-looking" razors, the landlord of the Golden Cipher exclaims jovially "Coo, lad, 's all right," and a passer-by in Regent Street, "in a torn coat with a cap on his rough hair"—M.I.5 strikes again?—says humbly, "Beggin' yer pardon, guvner. Hi weren't lookin' where Hi were goin'." The expected surprise-ending is wholly shameless. . . . *The Secret War* by Sanche de Gramont is subtitled the story of international espionage since 1945, which describes it very accurately. Painstaking, unsensational and quietly written, it is compulsively readable and surprises one yet once more with the drabness, greyness, dismalness and glum lack of any sort of glamour in the life of a spy. . . . And *The Middle Passage* by V. S. Naipaul is an enormously readable, chatty, sadly funny account of a return to the Caribbean, ending with a dignified and somehow calmly hilarious account of Frenchman's Cove, the holiday paradise for all right-minded millionaires.

RECORDS GERALD

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